

White Sox Outfielders Felsch, Collins and Jackson Play Role of Heroes While 32,000 Fans Cheer Madly

CICOTTE BEATS SALLEE, 2-1, IN OPENING GAME

Great Work of Sox Outfielders Big Factor in Eddie's Victory.

HOMER TURNS TIDE

Felsch's 400 Foot Swat in Fourth Settles Fate of Classic.

32,000 CHEER VICTORS

John Collins, With 3 Hits, Shares Honors With "Hap" as Day's Hero.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—(By Daniel.)—The White Sox, who took all the joy out of the lives of the Giants this afternoon. It was O'Casey, aptly Hap, who delivered the master blow that gave the Chicago American League club the decision by 2 to 1 in the opening game of the world's baseball series. Felsch's conquering stroke took the form of a prodigious home run in the fourth inning, a hit par excellence that earned for the White Sox their second run and took its place among the beacon lights in world's baseball history.

But with all its potency and power Felsch's home run would have availed the White Sox nothing had it not been for the superb pitching of Eddie Cicotte, who held the New York batters to only seven hits, spread over five innings. "Shine ball," spit ball or whatever it is that Cicotte uses to keep the batters off balance, he worked to perfection. It was when the enemy pressed the hardest, when the strongest batters of the Giants lined up against him, that Cicotte rose to the highest pinnacle of his pitching perfection. With all his effectiveness and the dazzling splendor of his art, Cicotte was only one whit stronger and more brilliant than Harry Sallee, the slim left-hander who pitched for the Giants. Sallee, however, would have won with a little to spare. But fate, Felsch and Cicotte proved altogether too powerful a combination for Sallee to combat and he went down with colors flying.

Great Battle of Pitchers.

It was as pretty baseball as has been seen anywhere, this battle between two of the oldest pitchers in the major leagues. It presented all the elements that make baseball the game it is—occasional hard hitting by both sides, fast defense, a couple of insane plays immediately compensated for by brilliant counter strokes, and above all never a feeling of finality on either side until Davey Robertson's fly had been gathered in by John Collins for the last out. Thirty-two thousand persons crowded the park, and the entire afternoon was in admiration for the batting masterpiece contributed by Felsch. It stood out like the Kohinoor in the day's collection of sparkling effects. The home run was a drive into the bleachers in left center field—a carry of about 400 feet from the home plate. At the Polo Grounds the grandstand was straining against the fence. Only rarely has a player accomplished this feat of spanning with a hit this outfield which in size is second only to that at the "Braves" field in Boston.

The White Sox had scored in the opening previous, and the Giants still presented an immediate threat to the Sox. Sallee stepped to the plate in the fourth round. Just before him, the great Joe Jackson, renowned batting hero of the club, had sent up a fly to George Burns, who tried to foot Felsch into striking at a wild one, but Happy refused to be inveigled. He let it go by and hitched up his trousers in anticipation of a more favorable opportunity.

Happy Gets Fast One.
Felsch got it. Straight and true came a fast one—straight and true into Felsch's glove, and he took a tremendous smash at the ball. His swing almost spun him around. Travelling with the speed and trajectory of a rifle bullet, the white horse sped a mile or more over the entire playing field, and while the Giants followed its flight as one would watch the course of an airplane, the ball finally exploded into the bleachers, to the great delight of the pocket of a gleeful fan who had earned at least that souvenir by waiting in line all through the cold.

As he recovered from his wing Felsch noted the ball in flight and decided there was no special call for hurrying and at a lazy doctored travelled the path of victory. He got no hit before that, but he got none thereafter, but his work was done for the day.

There have been home runs in past years, but it is doubtful if any traveled the distance covered by Happy's hit. It was no mere away into a right field stand at the Polo Grounds, made famous by Frank Baum's novel, but a drive over the Phillips' right field wall. It was a home run with all the old time significance of the term.

How the Giants Scored.
Had it not been for Lew McCarty's badly mended ankle Felsch would have been forced to divide home run honors with the Giants' catcher and the game might have taken on an altogether different complexion. McCarty drove out a three base hit in the fifth inning, the biggest batting contribution of the day. The Sox side and the hit that made possible the Giants' home run.

McCarty was first at the bat in the fifth, and he hit a home run before taking a vicious slam at the ball. The ball sailed out into center field, where it rolled toward the fence. Even with his weak ankle, McCarty got to third with a good margin of safety. With his usual speed he would have reached the plate with little trouble.

With McCarty straining at the leash only one station from home and a run meaning a new entry into the thick of the fight, Sallee responded with a scorching drive to the outfield and McCarty scored. Cicotte at that stage did not look like the great Cicotte who had fooled the American League batters in the White Sox, seemed to have had a little of their confidence in their pitching arm, for as McCarty scored Bob Russell started to warm up near the Chicago dugout.

BATTERIES OF RIVAL TEAMS AND PARK WHERE FIRST GAME OF WORLD'S SERIES WAS PLAYED



SLIM SALLEE, GIANTS.

LEW MCCARTY, GIANTS.

EDDIE CICOTTE, WHITE SOX.

RAY SCHALK, WHITE SOX.

JOHN COLLINS, WHITE SOX.

JOE JACKSON, WHITE SOX.

GEORGE BURNS, WHITE SOX.

BOB RUSSELL, WHITE SOX.

DAVEY ROBERTSON, WHITE SOX.

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